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Selected Poetry.

LOVE IS EVERYWHERE.

The air is filled with gentle song—
An under song of wooing—
As the leaf-enshrouded woods o'erflow
With the sound of the ring dove cooing.
In nature's deepest haunts,
I hear a voice that chants:
"Why should the earth grow old with care,
Since Love, sweet Love, is everywhere."

Ye will hear at night, if ye listen well,
Music in Heaven ringing,
And amid the stars a melody,
As of angel voices singing;
For the spirits who, in the spheres of light,
Have made their happy dwelling,
To each other, across the depths of space,
Their tales of love are telling.

The sunbeams leave their glowing throne,
And whisper love to the flowers;
The birds outpour it in their strains,
As they sit in their rose-crown'd bowers.
When the breeze swells mournfully
Through the boughs of a wavering tree,
I ever hear a gentle voice declare
That Love, sweet Love, is everywhere.

In the moaning thunder of the waves,
That dash on some rocky shore,
Or the tuneful flow of the ripply tide,
When a tempest's rage is o'er—
In murmured music of the brook,
As it rushed the sea to gain;
Or the sullen plash, on the silent pool,
Of the swiftly falling rain—

In the gleeful laugh of the dancing spray,
From some skyward leaping fountain;
Or the ceaseless roar of a white cascade,
In its giant bound from the mountain—
There falleth on my ear
This song so sweet and clear:
"Ah, why should man e'er feel despair,
Since Love, sweet Love, is everywhere?"

Selected Sketch.

THE MAY QUEEN.

BY BELLA FRENCH.

It was a bright May morning. A group of girls stood on the porch just outside the door of Madame Avercourt's boarding school.

"I tell you, girls," said May Ellerton, the tallest and prettiest of the number, "my dress is splendid. I saw it this morning. Mrs. Morley has nearly finished it. She charges five dollars for making it. I have just ten dollars left to buy flowers with."

"Well, we have all got new dresses for the May party, and so we will have to be satisfied, even if yours is the prettiest," spoke up a pretty brunette.

"No, we haven't all got new dresses," said little Ella Green, the pet of the school. "Minnie Ashton will have to wear her old one, and May Morris has no white dress at all."

"Ah," said May Ellerton, "that puts me in mind of what Madam said this morning. The girls have decided that she shall choose the May Queen for them. I heard her say this morning, that she should choose the one who, in the next three days should do the noblest deed. Now I believe that I would make a better queen than any one here, and I shall try hard for the place. I have a very pretty muslin dress, and I know mama will scold me for giving it away. But I don't care; May Morris shall have it. Now I leave it to all of you, whether that will not be the noblest deed any of us can do?"

"Madam will decide that question," laughed Ella, as she turned to greet Minnie Ashton, a pale, tender girl of fifteen, who had just then made her appearance.

"Good morning, Minnie. Is your dress in readiness for Monday?" asked May, a little sneering.

Minnie's blue eyes flashed, as she replied:

"May Ellerton, my dress is in readiness, as you will know. It has had two summers' wear and must do this summer. My father works very hard and does without a great many comforts to keep me here, and I will not make the burden heavier by sending for money when I can do without it. I hope you understand me now."

May turned away with a low laugh, and Ella Green threw her arms around Minnie's neck.

"You are a dear, good girl, Minnie," she said. "You will look just as well in your old dress as the rest will look in their new ones. If I were Madame I know who would be May Queen."

Minnie sighed.

"I thank you for your kindness, Ella, but Minnie Ashton, the poor shoemaker's daughter, will never seem it anywhere. If she can gain an education so as to be of some use to her parents in their old ages it is all she hopes to do."

And she kissed the little prattler, and left the group.

"I will go to the post office," she said, putting on her shaker; "Madam has given us three days in which to do just as we please, and I intend to help Clara Summers sew. Poor girl! she has a hard time supporting herself and invalid mother by her needle. Oh, dear! why must some be so rich and others so very poor!"

And Minnie walked out, trying to keep still the rebellious little heart that would tell her that she was just as good as May Ellerton, the merchant's daughter.

There was a letter for her at the post office. She opened it and a ten dollar bill met her view. Her father had sent it, and in speaking of it, said:

"Use it, my dear girl, to buy finery for yourself, or your mother will be displeased. She heard about the party, and saved it out of the market money to fix you up in."

"Poor, dear mother!" signed Minnie; "she has gone without many a comfort that I might have this. I must have a dress or it will displease her. Won't May Ellerton be surprised?"

"What at?" asked a laughing voice behind; and turning, she saw May and Ella but a short distance from her. Minnie blushed scarlet.

"Wait and see," was her rather ungracious answer.

"I can do that," May returned. "I am just going to buy flowers. Do come with me and help select them. You have an excellent taste I hear."

"I will go with pleasure," Minnie said; for it occurred to her that May was doing this to torment her, and she resolved that May should not know she was tormented.

"Of course you will come with me. Women like to go where finery is, even if it is not for them."

She spoke with a hardly concealed sneer, but Minnie appeared not to notice it.

"Of course we all love the beautiful," she said, quietly.

"Ah, you are a worshiper of the beautiful," put in Ella.

"I never knew an ugly person who was not," May said, looking away from her.

A bitter retort arose to Minnie's lips, but she did not give it utterance. She had a champion in little Ella.

"I don't think Minnie is ugly," she said. "She is not beautiful, but she is good, and those who are good soon grow beautiful to those who know them."

May was silenced. She knew that she was beautiful, but far from good. They walked on in silence. Presently they came to where a child was seated on a doorstep, crying bitterly.

"What is the matter?" asked the impulsive May.

"Oh," sobbed the child, "mother is sick and we owe two months' rent. The man whose house we live in was going to turn us out, but to-day a kind lady let mother have the money. She was too sick to carry it and so sent me; and, oh! oh! I have lost it."

"How much was it, little girl?"

"Ten dollars," answered the child.

Into her pocket went May's hand, and out came a purse. The child's face brightened.

"I can't," said May thoughtfully. "I must have the flowers. Think of a May Queen without flowers!" and the purse went back unemptied.

The child's tears began to flow again. Ella stepped forward and put some money in the little one's hand.

"Here are a few dimes," said she. "I wish I had more, but I have spent my months allowance."

"They will buy us some food, but will not save us from the street," said the child, closing her hand tightly over them. "I thank you very much."

"Come, girls, let's go," said May, whose conscience smote her.

"Upon second thought I think I will not accompany you," said Minnie. "I have other business to which I must attend. Please excuse me."

"You are excusable," May returned; and taking Ella's arm they passed on. Minnie now spoke to the child.

"Get up, [illegible] and I will go with you to the landlord."

"Will you pay him," asked the child suddenly.

"Perhaps so," said Minnie.

In a few minutes they were at the landlord's house. She found there that the child's mother owed him ten dollars, and the unfeeling man was actually going to turn the poor woman into the street unless the money was forthcoming.

Minnie's heart was full of pity, and her ten dollars went to the cruel man.

"Won't you tell me your name?" pleaded the little one when they were again in the street.

"Minnie Ashton," was the reply.—And the child ran home to carry the rent receipts to her mother.

Minnie walked on to her friend's house, soliloquizing thus:

"My old dress will do. I could not wear a new one and know that I had let a human being suffer when I might have given aid. I have made two hearts happier, and what matters it about a dress?"

That evening, after Minnie returned to the school house, she thought she would read her father's letter again, and put her hand into her pocket to get it, but it was not there.

"I must have dropped it on the stairs," said she; "I am sure that I had it a moment since."

She went to look for it, but it was not to be found.

* * * *

It was a pleasant scene, that grove so green in its new dress; that throne bedecked with flowers, at the foot of which Madam stood, twirling in her white hands a tiny, flowery crown; that group of girls, white-robed, and flower-decked, May Ellerton, the most beautiful of all, standing like a queen at their head; the tables loaded with luxuries and wreathed with flowers; and the many guests waiting expectantly for what was to come.

Minnie Ashton was there, robed in her plain, white dress, unadorned by a single ornament, save the wealth of chestnut hair which fell in curls about her neck and shoulders. She felt sadly eclipsed by the gay circle, and drew out of sight as much as possible; but many eyes were upon her.

"Young ladies," said Madam, when all were sufficiently quiet, "you requested me to choose your queen; and I resolved to choose her who, in the three days preceding the day fixed for the party, should perform the noblest act. Now judge for yourselves who this one is. One young lady helped another who had wronged her to make her party dress, but said young lady spoilt the whole by being the first one to tell me. Another young lady, whom I will call our beauty, gave one of her dresses to a girl who was not able to buy one, a very worthy deed. One day our beauty, our pet, and a girl who has been called very homely, were walking out together. Our beauty was on her way to a store to purchase artificial flowers for her dress, and on the way was talking in a very sneering manner to the homely girl, who, she supposed, would have to wear an old dress because her parents were not able to purchase her a new one. But, though she knew it not, the homely girl had that morning received ten dollars from her parents. Soon they came to where a little girl sat crying on a door step. The beauty inquired what the matter was. It was the old story of sickness and poverty. Ten dollars were wanted with which to pay rent, and keep a decent family from the street. Our beauty's first impulse was to relieve them, but on second thought she resolved not to do without her dress trimmings, so gave the little one nothing. Our pet, who already had her dress and trimmings, gave to the child the few dimes she had left. But the homely girl did more. She gave the money with which she thought to purchase her dress, to the cruel landlord, and appears before you to day undorned. By her father's letter, which she accidentally dropped, and from the poor child's own lips, I learned of her noble conduct. Now, young ladies, which of these shall be queen?"

"Minnie Ashton!" shouted little Ella, clapping her hands; and "Minnie Ashton!" was echoed by every mouth except one—May Ellerton's. She was sad and silent.

Minnie felt as though she were dreaming. Could it be possible that she was to be May Queen? Presently she felt her arm grasped, and she was being led forward to the throne, while a dozen of her school-mates strewed flowers in her path. At the foot of the throne some one whispered to her to kneel. She knelt, and heard Madam make a short address, and then the crown was placed upon her head, and she was led up the flowery steps, while the gay company proclaimed her, the shoemaker's daughter, "May Queen."

Miscellaneous.

Finality of Saying No!

How many tearful temptations would be avoided, if on all becoming occasions, we could only act in obedience to the dictates of prudence, conscience propriety and right, and *refuse* the seductive offers that are made to indulge in this excess or that, or to venture into some plausible, but forbidden and perilous field of enterprise! The difficulty of saying *no* at such times and occasions, can scarcely be realized. With the kindly of heart and the irresolute of mind, it is almost impossible to resist the importunities of friends and associates, even when the still, small voice of conscience counsels us wisely, and we feel that the path or the policy to which we are invited, is one of danger and treachery. There are two descriptions of courage, viz: that which is disposed to disregard and defy everything like physical danger, and that which induces us to act truthfully, firmly and correctly, no matter what may be the consequences, provided a principle of truth be involved.

We verily believe that many an unfortunate marriage has taken place, simply because the gentle being who was the object of frequent, continued and untiring attentions, at last became impressed by the force of habit and the opinion of the world, that she was *expected* to accept her suitor, and thus did so in a spirit of kindness and irresolution, rather than of conscience, affection and choice.

How many a young man has been persuaded into the ways of error and of evil, by the seductive example of some cherished companion, and his inability to resist the importunities of that companion—in brief by his incapacity to say *no*. Thus the first step has been commenced in a career of intemperance, dissipation, recklessness and ruin and the others have followed with almost rapidity. According to the old adage, he who hesitates is lost, and this is true in its application to many forms, phases and conditions of life.

But a few months since, and a merchant of this city was suddenly called upon to make a loan, and by an individual in whose character and principles he had very little confidence, but with whom, nevertheless, he was in the habit of associating at convivial festivals, and gay and joyous parties. At the moment the application was made, he hesitated, when the other seeing his advantage pressed his case and succeeded. Immediately after the transaction was completed, the merchant felt that he had made a mistake—in brief, that he had lacked the moral courage to say *no*—and he was convinced that the money would never be repaid. Such occurrences are by no means rare.—Scarcely a day goes by, in which individuals are not trapped in this way, so to speak—while another infirmity with a large portion of the human family, is to promise, never intending to perform or to equivocate, and thus lead on a hope, and all because of the difficulty of saying *no*. The error is more prevalent than the thoughtless and unreasoning believe or imagine.

There are indeed few members of the human family who are so careful, consistent, upright and honorable, as to adhere consistently to the truth under every form of appeal and pressure, and regardless of consequences. A striking instance of the force and beauty of truth, occurred a short time since in a neighboring State. An *employee* of an extensive corporation was detected in an act of great carelessness, which was attended by deplorable consequences, and for the time produced intense excitement. The accused was forthwith arraigned, and inasmuch as his situation and the physical well being of his family depended upon the result, his position was critical indeed. But he was a conscientious and truthful man, and instead of endeavoring to evade the responsibility, or excuse himself in any way, he honestly admitted and regretted his error, conceded all the facts in a frank and manly spirit, and yet without the slightest effort of bravado, indifference or defiance. The reader may well imagine the effect upon the hearts of his judges. They were compelled to punish his offence, but each one determined in his own mind, that so truthful a man, however culpable on this single occasion, was too valuable to be [illegible] because of one error, and sought the earliest opportunity to manifest this sentiment in an appropriate and practical manner. Thus, then, while falsehood and prevarication would not have saved him, the moral courage which induced him to tell the truth, and to say *yes*, in response to the allegations preferred, at once vindicated his integrity and established his character. But many illustrations of a similar nature might be adduced. It is, we repeat, extremely difficult to say *no* on all proper occasions, to resist appeals, to deny favors, to avoid temptations, and to fulfil promises. And yet the habit of truth and of moral courage is much easily acquired than the thoughtless and the vicious are apt to think. Of course we would not have a negative reply couched in offensive language. The *manner* in such cases is all important, and yet there are few persons, however cautious, careful and correct—however indisposed to inspire hollow hopes, to mislead or to utter falsehood, who do no occasionally transgress in one of these forms, and simply because they have not sufficient moral courage to say NO!

The Eruption of Sambawa.

This was, perhaps, one of the most appalling and extraordinary fatalities that ever befel any community, and the imagination is horrified at its bare contemplation. No pen is adequate to the task of its description; for, language is too feebile to convey, fully, the overwhelming terribleness of the catastrophe. It commenced on the 15th of April, 1815 and did not entirely cease until the middle of July, following.

Like "an emerald set in the silver of the sea," Sambawa flourished in luxuriant floral beauty, the fairest of the Molucca or Spice Islands. The brilliant verdure of a tropical clime, freshened by oft recurring showers from the clouds that hung in sublime and fantastic forms about its mountain summits, rendered it delightful as Eden. The happy natives, unvexed with toil, gathered from nature's bountiful stores what satisfied their simple appetites, of fruit, or fish or fowl. Light-hearted and careless as the winds that murmured in their forests, they dreamed not of the horrible doom impending over them.

Some time previous to the eruption, strange mutterings were heard within the mountain and deep sighs, as of a giantess in travail. The lovely island shuddered in conscious dread of its quick-coming destruction, and air and sea moaned and shivered in trembling sympathy.

The fatal morn arrived, and the sun, looming up from his ocean bed, looked brightly down upon a scene of beauty; soon, alas! to be blotted from his sight. A death-like stillness hung upon the waters. Not a ripple broke along the beach. The fountains ceased to flow, rushing back in affright to their secret sources in mid earth. A stifling oppressiveness settled down upon land and sea. Nature held her breath.

A sob, a groan from the very bosom of the rock-ribbed earth—and louder than the mingled roar of hundred thundering hurricanes, the pent up wrath of the volcano burst forth. The awful reverberations were distinctly heard a thousand miles off! Instantly, thick, murky clouds of smoke, ashes, and cinders obscured the sky, and settled down in darkness as appalling and tangible as that which cursed Egypt. From centre to circumference, a distance of three or four hundred miles in every direction, it was darker than the darkest night. Great balls of fire, and horrible lightning, blinding as the unmitigated glare of tropical noon day, flashed through the gloom, failing only to leave it more intensely profound. Showers, nay, floods of cinders and ashes poured down, crushing and destroying houses, villages, and towns, and submerging whole forests for forty miles around; and for hundreds of miles, the sea was so covered that ships could, with difficulty, force their way through the floating mass of pumice and scoriae. Six hundred miles away they lay upon the waters, to the depth of two feet or more. Rivers of red hot lava flowed unchecked down the mountain sides, burning up the very old woods, annihilating every vestige of life and beauty in their route, and wrapping large tracts of country in a pall of utter desolation. Ruin and death gathered the entire island in their cruel embrace, and out of its twelve thousand inhabitants only twenty-six escaped!—The soul-harrowing particulars of their last agonies no man shall write; for, Heaven has kindly sealed them up.

A good anecdote is told of Gen. Grant. As he was in the cars on his way to the front a newsboy came in crying out, "Life of Gen. Grant." One of the General's aids, pointing to the General, told the boy he presumed that man would buy a copy. The boy approached the General, who asked him carelessly, "Who is Gen. Grant?" The boy, giving him a look of indignation and disgust, replied, "You must be a greeny not to know Gen. Grant!" The General, after that, of course bought his life.

No secret can be kept in the civilized world. Society is a masked ball, where every one hides his real character, and reveals it by hiding.

Endurance.

Oh! we are querulous creatures. Little less
Than all things can suffice to make us happy;
And little more than nothing is enough
To discontent us.—*Coleridge.*

It is astonishing to note how much wisdom, truth, eloquence, can often be compressed into a few little lines.

Those which you have just read are mean in amount, but ponderous in import. They are like an antique ring, set with diamonds, whose worth is almost fabulous. They impress like a picture, and convince like a sermon.

Thus it is with us. Covetous, yearning, ambitious, grasping, impious, we would seize upon the whole riches of earth—had but our puny hands the power—and make them tributary to our comfort and luxury. We snatch away the mitre and the crown—we would tear off the robe and the cowl; content to be our own rulers, our own priests, our own dispensers. And all this time we forget that the toll which is taken at the gate of Paradise is something besides gold.

The most opulent—as a general principle—are the most unhappy. Gain begets restlessness—fear—distrust. The rich men's coffers are full of sorrows. "What if I lose it?" is his constant query; a query that haunts his mind by day and by night—that rings in his own ear amid his diurnal duties, and perches upon his pillow when it is dark. And yet, with all these discomforts, we sigh and plan for more.

Again—trifles of annoyance chafe us to madness. "Little more than nothing" throws us into a fever of discontent, and often of anger. We cannot brook the slightest attrition with trial—we cannot endure the momentary presence of a disappointment. We choose a path of blossoms—and the scratch of a single thorn maddens us to desperation. We demand only the easy and delightful—for their opposite we have no endurance. We seek to emulate Cleopatra, and dissolve pearls in our drinking cups, just to show that we possess them. Heavens! but how men, now-a-days, do run away with themselves.

It is time that the wings of reflection were unfettered. They have been bound and cramped too long. The bird brings much prey in its talons, when its flights are unrestrained.

They are truly wise, who, when the dangerous proclivities of the heart and mind are pointed out, do straightway appropriate the admonitions, and abide therein. He who walks along the rocky margin of the precipice, because he will walk there, shall, at last, come to destruction.—*Buffalo Express.*

Courting in Spain.

Should you have occasion, after night fall to traverse the dimly lighted streets, you will not go far without brushing past a figure muffled in an ample cloak, and with the sombrero slouched over the eyes, leaning against the iron bars. As you pass, your eyes inform you that it is conversing in a low voice with some one within, whom the darkness shrouds from observation. In all probability, you will take no further notice of the whispering pair; but if you be more curious than wise, and bestow on them more than a passing look, another be clouded figure will probably step out from some corner, and politely request you to refrain from interfering with other people's business. If this hint be not sufficient, he will prepare to enforce it by other means, and by displaying his navaja, threaten to appeal to arms. He is engaged in one of the most sacred duties of Spanish friendship. The guard from danger or discovery, or, as it is termed, '*guardar los palos*' to 'guard the back' of a friend who may be playing the lover—is an office to be undertaken only by a tried comrade, whose devotion and courage may be proof against the rude trials to which such a position subjects him. If the fair one be noted for her attractions, then there are rivals to be encountered, whose jealous passions, if aroused by witnessing others thus engaged, nothing would so soon appease as a thrust of a knife, given as may be supposed, without much regard to the rules of fair-play. Under these circumstances, the second is summoned to stand, like the night of old, to do battle against all comers should they approach with hostile intentions. I need not add that these nocturnal meetings are a frequent occasion to brawls, and that lives are sometime lost, and usually dangerous wounds are given and received, when knives are brought into play.

This custom, though more prevalent among the lower classes, is not entirely banished from the upper ranks of society. In truth, the mystery and romance attending it have had too many charms for Spanish lovers of every degree, ever to permit it to become the exclusive usage of any one rank in life. It is far more congenial to his temperament to throw a veil of secrecy over his attachment, which, not unfrequently from the first, wears a certain air of romance.

People seem not to see that their opinion of the world is also a confession of character. We can only see what we are, and if we misbehave, we suspect others.

Farm and Household

VEGETABLE OYSTER, OR SALSIFY.—This excellent plant grows like a par nip, and is in flavor very much li fresh oysters; scrape them, and cut the round in thin slips; boil them tender i milk and water, season them well wi pepper, butter and salt; make a ni toast, moistened with the gravy laid i the bottom of the dish, and pour t whole over it; you could scarcely dete the difference; there should be but suitable quantity of the gravy, too mu lessens the flavor; it is sometimes c up and parboiled, chopped fine, and fri in batter; the roots may be first cook tender, then fried whole in batter. Th is the very best mode in which to ea this fine vegetable. We have raised constantly for a dozen years, but nev use it until about the end of Octob They preserve best left in the grou like carrots, to be used whenever t frost will admit of their exhumation.

WHITE BREAD AND BISCUIT.—F bread grate one-half dozen potatoes, a add one quart of water, one cupfu hop yeast at night, and in the morni when light, add three teaspoonful sugar, and flour to form a dough; le rise; when light, put in tins, let it again and bake one-half hour. For cuit, take some of the bread dough the morning, as much as would ma loaf of bread; add one cupful of but mix well; let rise, then make into bisc let rise, then bake.

SALLY LUN TEA BREAD.—Tak stone pot, pour in one pint of sweet mi half a tea-cupful of baker's or o yeast, one-quarter of a pound of mel butter, a little salt, and three bea eggs; mix in about three pints of flo let it stand several hours, or until q light; then put it into Turk heads or er tin pans, in which Sally should rise up before being shoved into oven, to be "brought out" and pres ed to your friends as the beauty belle of the evening.—*Country Gen man.*

BROTHER JONATHAN.—Pare and c a sufficient number of good, tender, apples to nearly fill the dish in wh they are to be baked; sweeten mo ately with sugar, and pour in a little ter if the apples are not juicy; prepa batter by taking, for an eight-quart one quart of sour milk and one spoonful of soda; or in the absenc sour, take sweet milk, with one spoonful of soda, and two of crea tartar, and stir in flour till you ha tolerably stiff batter; pour and this over the apples, forming a c bake immediately in a slow oven; it be served and eaten with sugar, pre ed sauce, or cream, or without dres

SWEET POTATO COFFEE.—A good substitute for coffee can be from sweet potatoes. Wash and se good sound tubers; cut them into p half an inch long; dry them in the s roast them as you would coffee, un light brown color; make "coffee" them in the usual manner, except the pieces are not to be ground.

ARROW ROOT PUDDING.—Three t spoonfuls of arrow root; mix in a cold water, free from lumps; put it a quart of boiling milk, stirring it stantly, when cool, beat into it two e to be served with sweet sauce; ba for half an hour.

CUSTARD.—To one part of sweet add two large table-spoonfuls of and two beaten eggs; stir together, bake just long enough to cook the

COOKIES WITHOUT EGGS.—Two fuls of sugar, one of butter, one c of cold water, one tea-spoonful of eratus, spice to the taste; mix stiff thin and bake crisp.

IMPROVE YOUR HORSES.—It cost to keep a good horse than a poor they do us more service and keep better temper. A friend said to other day, as we drove past him spirited animal, "I wish you had t after my horse a year, it would your ardor some." We answered if he would cease to allow his mares to raise colts, and cease t ronize poor stallions, he, too, migh comfortably, and get along rapid Our advice to everybody who h horse is, to have a good one, an him well; and to everybody who them, to raise the best.

COWS LEAKING MILK.—The P Farmer says:—Purchase of the dr a small quantity Collodion, "liqui cle." Apply it to the end of the after milking the cow. It at once a thin, tough skin, and closes the At the next milking, this orifice broken through, the cow milk another application made. After days the defect will be cured, further application will be needed.

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